

# The Things We Do for Love

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Summary: "Whenever Laurie cried, she was there. Whenever Laurie ran from the table to throw up, she followed. Whenever Laurie came home in the middle of the night, or not at all, Annie tried not to be such a bitch about it." Annie/Laurie oneshot.

## The Things We Do for Love

\_Authors note: I'm back! "Memories" is still in the process of slowly being edited and revamped, but I took a break to write this little oneshot.\_

When the nightmares started, not long after they got out of the hospital, Annie all but moved into Laurie's room. All of her stuff was still in the room on the other side of the bathroom, but every night she was with Laurie. Her presence didn't completely stop the nightmares, but she certainly helped to lessen them. And when they did happen, she was there for Laurie. She was there to hold her, and kiss her, and tell her it was just a dream. Laurie was okay, she was okay, Michael Myers was dead and gone. He couldn't hurt Laurie ever again; Annie would make sure of it.

Annie's care didn't stop outside of the bedroom, though. Whenever Laurie cried, she was there. Whenever Laurie ran from the table to throw up, she followed. Whenever Laurie came home in the middle of the night, or not at all, Annie tried not to be such a bitch about it.

Annie spent the week leading up to the one year anniversary planning just how to keep Laurie distracted from the 31st. They were going to watch cheesy movies, stuff their faces, and make out once or twice. Then, once Laurie was drifting off, Annie would double-check every lock in the house and stay up to keep watch; despite the armed deputy she knew her dad would undoubtedly force to guard the property. She was small, and completely scarred from last Halloween, but she would

willingly give herself up to any intruder if it meant Laurie would get away safely.

But then the anniversary came. She ordered a pizza while she waited for Laurie to get home from work (even put aside her tendency to get whole wheat crust) and got her dad to pick up a case of beer (despite her distaste for it). Laurie never showed. An hour after she was supposed to get off work, Annie called the station, completely panicked, demanding her dad send people out to look for Laurie. When he said he'd send someone over to the house to check up on her instead, she hung up and went out on her own.

The kids in masks freaked her the fuck out, and it felt like a crushing weight on her chest every second she was out in the open and not in the house, but she had to find Laurie. She checked the coffee shop, Main Street, the town's centre, and Laurie's old street before bumping into some girl, arms full of liquor store bags, that she vaguely remembered seeing at the coffee shop when Laurie was working.

The girl, who reintroduced herself as Mya, led her back to her place where Laurie was doing shots of tequila with another co-worker. So rather than the evening she had planned, Annie ended up dragging an inebriated Laurie home. The drunken blonde went through an array of emotions before finally collapsing on their bed. She cried, saying Annie's scars were all her fault. She laughed, remarking how the Laurie of a year ago would have never done shots with some grungy biker chick. She made a pass at her own girlfriend, kissing up her neck but passing out before she reached her mouth. Meanwhile Annie just held her hand, trying not let any frustrated tears leak out until she was sure the other girl was fast asleep.

After that night things started to change. Laurie continued to show zero improvement, still needing constant care, weekly therapy sessions, and multiple prescriptions, but Annie began to give up on her. It wasn't obvious at first, she had started by not bending to the blonde's every need, but it soon progressed. All the things she had consistently done for Laurie eventually ceased, or at least became more of something Annie did because she felt she had to, not because she genuinely wanted to.

She started sleeping in her own room; lying awake every night and listening to Laurie scream and thrash in her sleep, making no move to do anything. The first night she did it, she heard Laurie scream out for her when she realized the brunette wasn't in bed with her. That had her halfway out of bed and about to run to the other girl's room until she remembered why she was doing this; she had to try and save their relationship. They would never survive if they continued with this co-dependent routine. Annie swore that when the two year anniversary came around, they would be on their way to a better place together.

She didn't realize how right she'd end up being.

End  
file.